

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

MARYKNOLL

*Diligentibus Deum
Omnia Cooperantur
in Bonum : : :*



*To Those Who Love
God All Things Work
Together for Good.*

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THE TSU FAMILY (CATHOLIC) AT SHANGHAI. TWO SONS ARE AT MARYKNOLL.

Editorials	198	Maryknoll Mission Chronicle	203	The Venard Letter	211-212
Suggestions for American Missioners	199-200	From Other Fields	204	The Bond and W. S. S. Shower	212
Fr. Gauthier Expectant	201-202	The Maryknoll Junior	205-208	Maryknoll Circles	213
		The New Seminary Site	209	Found in the Basket	214

A

BLESSED

CHRISTMAS

TO

YOU!



In this circle is our legal title.
It will be appropriate in any
Catholic's will.

THE FIELD AFAR

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.—*Isaias IX, 6.*

* *

THE dews have dropped from the heavens and the clouds have rained down the Just One. The earth has opened and has budded a Redeemer.

The Prince of Peace walks among men, seen by some, unnoticed by others, who if less self-centred could discern Him, unknown as yet to a large proportion of the sons of men. Are we who have experienced His love trying as much as we can to extend His Kingdom over this earth?

* *

THE mission-movement in Pittsburgh has developed an organization of Maria Mission Circles, whose activities have at times been noted elsewhere in these columns. An edifying resolution of these Circles is embodied in this suggestive paragraph:

As a Christmas gift to the Christ Child I will donate to the missions a sum greater than for any one of my other Christmas gifts.

We believe that this idea will appeal strongly to many whose hearts are full of thanksgiving to the Prince of Peace, the Light of Whose Countenance now falls upon this earth obscured for years by the smoke of battles. Peace has come for men of good will.

* *

WHAT our national leaders, ecclesiastic and civic, say of the *New Internationalism* is full of significance for the future of foreign missions:

The President has told us "the world is no longer divided into little circles of interest. The world no longer consists of neighborhoods. The world is linked in a common life and interest, such as humanity never saw before. . . . What disturbs the life of the whole world is the concern of the whole world."

In the world to-day the strongest response to the new internationalism

must come from the Church of the ages. The Catholic Church cannot remain an isolated factor in the nation. The Catholic Church possesses spiritual and moral resources which are at the command of the nation in every great crisis. The message to the nation to forget local boundaries and provincialism is a message likewise to the Catholic Church. Parochial, diocesan, and provincial limits must be forgotten in the face of the greater tasks which burden our collective religious resources.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

* *

THE war is over. Why stand gazing back on the gaping ruins, the blood-stained earth, the fields banked with the graves of young men? The past is useful only as it urges us to something higher to-day and for the future.

The hour has struck for great movements, and the clarion call sounds for another kind of war—an unbloody one, the sole object of which is to draw by love from under the standard of Satan the millions who serve him because they know not Christ. Big as we Americans thought ourselves, we can never again be as small as we were. Henceforward we shall be satisfied only when doing great things, not alone for our country but for the world.

The world-wide spirit is sweeping over us and the more deeply we breathe it the better we like it.

The world for Christ should to-day be the slogan of every man whose heart is Catholic.

* *

There are Christians who worship their Divine Master but who prefer not to think of Him either in the straw of Bethlehem or on the hard wood of the Cross.—*Fr. Berthe, C.S.S.R.*

* *

A FEW years ago we visioned China as a mighty giant rousing himself from the sleep of ages, and we looked forward to activities that would shake the earth, making the East rub its eyes with surprise.

To-day, after closer observation, we think of the new Republic as a big boy, capable indeed of reaching gigantic proportions and of rounding out a great career, but actually misbehaving

himself so badly that he must be put under special guardianship.

If the big boy recognizes his weakness and inexperience, he will come forth from his training-school a mighty force.

He needs above all things the grace that comes through the merits of the Son of God—Jesus the Christ—and every member of the mystical Body can help to gain this for him. Say a

Prayer for China.

Lord Jesus Christ, Who alone art the Saviour of the whole human race, Who already "rulest from sea to sea and from the river to the confines of the earth," mercifully open the treasures of Thy most Sacred Heart to the wretched inhabitants of China who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death, that through the intercession of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, Thy Immaculate Mother, and of St. Francis Xavier, they may abandon their idols and prostrating themselves before Thee may be united to Thy holy Church. Amen.

+

Send The Field Afar as a Christmas gift to your friend or to some neglected missioner.

+

MARYKNOLL doubtless owes much more to spiritual co-operation than to material alms. Perhaps it would be well to say that it owes its material alms to spiritual helps.

Thousands—and this may be taken literally—thousands of Catholics in all walks of life and in every country of the world are praying for this venture of the now strong American Church.

An example of spiritual enterprise as yet unheralded will indicate the measure of this co-operation which we call Apostles' Aid. Two bright young New York women, who could if they desired waste most of their time on social frivolities, made a tour last year of parochial schools and academies to secure prayers for Maryknoll. They were graciously received all along the line and promises were cheerfully and generously given. God alone knows what will be the fruit of that consecrated service.



People of Sion, behold the Lord shall come to save the nations.—Isaiah xxx.

THE PACIFIC.

O depths of mystery,
How can you calmly sleep
And sluggish stretch your breadth
Of shining, peaceful deep
Between the East and West,
Between the Day and Night,
Between the Heathen Dark
And God's all-saving Light?

Arouse your dormant waves
And roar with spumed sea
That God hath come on earth
To reign eternally.
Beat urgent on all shores
And roll unceasing pleas,
And call earth's priests to preach
God's word across your seas.

Again Christ walks your waves,
O swelling path of light,
And men are saved to God
By means of your great might.
—F. X. F.
Aboard the Ecuador, Oct., 1918.

Suggestions for American Missioners.

ADVICE is coming for our American missioners. Evidently they will be watched. The latest is a warning that the "rush and push of the States can seldom be applied here."

An addition has been made by

the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to the territory set aside by the Bishop of Canton for the Maryknoll Mission. This addition extends principally from the western line and includes the two more important centres of Tinpak and Sunyi. The entire coast line of the new Mission stretches now about seventy-five miles along the coast of the South China Sea, and northward to the West River. The salient in its eastern line is occupied by the Portuguese mission from Macao.

Far Eastern mission leaders are beginning to realize that America can send soldiers of Christ over the seas to fight the hosts of Satan just as surely as she has sent unselfish patriots to battle in Europe against the spirit of militarism.

Several bishops have recently turned to Maryknoll, expressing the hope that with increasing recruits it would take from them some share of their overwhelming responsibilities. The following letter came recently:

Propose to the Prefect of Propaganda the project of sending two of your priests to me. After resting a while I would send them to Fr. J— where they would study the language for some months. Then they could go out to make their first foundation. Fr. J— would help them to get installed, probably buying a good tract of land for a few dollars and building a few primitive houses. The natives would flock to them and little by little Christianity would become established.

Afterwards your second foundation might be at the town of H—, on the western shore. There is an abandoned

for the faith

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church and priest's house, built there before the war. Both these regions are mountainous, much like what you saw in Langson.

Of course these missions would be difficult, but they would be true missions among infidels. You could not expect bright results—that is, many conversions—during the first years, but in the course of time I am convinced your missionaries would form in these mountains a truly Christian people.

These poor tribes have been waiting nineteen hundred years to enjoy the fruits of Redemption. They cry to you through my voice. They cannot do it of themselves, because they do not realize their own misfortune, but I lend them my voice, my pen, my supplications, my tears; will they not make an impression on you, young American priests? See that hill east of Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives. Our Blessed Lord a moment before His ascension said to His disciples, "Going, teach all nations." Behind the Apostles you were standing and to you also were addressed His words. Will you not carry out that command for this unfortunate province which has been forgotten until now? Oh, what a reward will await you!

The question of the language might frighten some, but for young men of good will it is not too difficult. There are two languages spoken here, the Tho and Meo. These are the languages of the two principal tribes, Thos and the Meos. The former who live on the lowlands, claim to be the original inhabitants and their name means *land*. The latter live in the mountains and their name means *cats*, because the Thos say that the Meos climb like cats. A Breton missioner, Fr. Savina, has recently published the first dictionaries of the two languages. These books would be treasures for you. Fr. Savina spent fifteen years living in the huts of the natives, noting the words of their languages one by one, talking with them until he knew their tongues better than they themselves. The work is almost superhuman. Fr. Savina's bishop has lent him to me for a time and he might be able to help initiate your first missionaries.

I pray always to Our Lord and Blessed Théophane that the Holy Ghost may touch your minds and hearts. I should be so happy the day a cable would arrive with the words: *Maryknoll accepts*. Good-bye, dear Fr. Walsh, God bless you and yours.

(*Tongking, Indo-China.*)

Yes, we take Thrift Stamps and we are glad to get them. Those that are coming now are helping to erect the first portion of the new Vénard Apostolic College, near Scranton.

Comments on the Maryknoll mission-field have come from many points of the compass and we publish a few as indicative of the spirit in which the announcement was received abroad.

Why, oh! why, did you not come to us? (*Uganda, B. E. Africa.*)

We are disappointed that the Philippines cannot hope for any of your missionaries in the near future. But *pacienza!* (*Bishop MacGinley, Nueva Caceres, P. I.*)

You are lifting the veil that has hidden from American Catholics this beautiful country, so full of possibilities for the Church and for the world. (*Kwangtung, China.*)

The arrival of your "chosen ones" will mean the commencement of a new era in China. A more rapid development in the missions will quickly follow, although your apostles will doubtless have a sharp tussle to begin with. But of course they expect it and are prepared for it. (*Chekiang, China.*)

The day has come at last, the day of joy! I offered the Holy Mass yesterday for the four new apostles who left San Francisco for Maryknoll-in-China. I am sure many more priests have done the same. When will the first band of Maryknoll missionaries come to this land of promise? (*Barbaza, P. I.*)

I learn with pleasure that your Society has been allotted four sub-prefectures in Kwangtung province. This is a good beginning but of course four sub-prefectures will soon be small for a Society that seems destined to increase rapidly and which has so many Chinese residents from that Province in its own country. (*Kiang-si, China.*)

Take good care of your Thrift Card. If it is lost the money paid for stamps cannot be recovered. Why not use it in our new building, which must be paid for out of Bonds, War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps?

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I cannot help feeling more than a little envious of the fortunate mission to which you are going to give "first-aid." I am sure the result will be the same as the American army now obtains on the battlefields of the West, but the result in the East will be a thousand times more glorious still and much more to God's greater honor and glory and the salvation of souls. (*Madras, India.*)

D O N ' T

W O R R Y

O V E R

P R E S E N T S

Father Gauthier Expectant.

MARYKNOLL'S "Big Four" have not yet entered upon their inheritance, but have been making the most of their time in and around Hongkong and Canton.

Their guide, however, Fr. Gauthier (or Fr. Goatee, as one of our Juniors calls him), has prepared the city of Yeung-kong, their future center, for "the coming of the Americans" and the following letter from him gives information that is interesting and valuable to all our readers who wish to follow rather closely on the heels of the first American apostles from Maryknoll:

I have been a month at Yeung-kong, and have not yet left the town. It is impossible at present to visit the Christians, who are very busy gathering the first harvest of rice or preparing for the second. Besides, the insecurity of the roads scarcely allows one to travel without danger of being robbed and made prisoner. The pirates are working everywhere, even a few miles from here. The mandarin has advised me not to go out into the country without an escort. I prefer not to travel at all because I know how little one can rely on such protectors, who often prove an embarrassment. We will make the visits when quiet has been re-established in the country, and that will not be long delayed. The peasants, exasperated by these continual robberies, are beginning to organize a local militia, and the mandarin has put himself at the head of the movement. By the time your missionaries arrive here I believe that calm will have been restored.

I have managed, however, to get word of my arrival to the Christians in the outlying districts, and delegations have come from nearly every point. They are really happy to learn that American Catholic missionaries are coming to establish themselves here. You may be sure of a welcome for your men. The Christian community of Yeung-kong is anxious to develop. The seed planted here some twenty years ago sprang up abundantly, and seemed to promise much until unfavorable circumstances interfered with it. However, the roots are still here, and may yet give a splendid harvest. Your missionaries will have to work hard and to suffer—"Eentes ibant et flebant"—but I feel that they will also taste the sweet

joys of success, "cum exultatione portantes manipulas suas."

I want to bring to your notice the two or three Christian communities where a revival movement is especially in evidence. A little village called Tcheungtin-ngan (which will sound to you like "chucking tin cans") near the market place of Tai-Pat (a good place for an Irish name) has renewed a desire, formerly manifested, to be converted in a body. It has about 300 souls, 20 of whom are baptized. It would be well worth while, if you can spare the money, to establish a Christian center here. Though 25 miles from Yeung-kong, supplies could be easily obtained from the nearby market. A priest living here could work in all the villages which the market supplies in a radius of 12 to 15 miles. He would have to build a house, a church, and a school, and that would cost about \$2,500 for the three: \$1,000 for the church; \$800 for the school; \$700 for the house.

The village of Tai-Shap, 6 miles from Tcheung-tin-ngan, is also a promising proposition. Your men will find there 10 baptized persons, and about 100 catechumens, asking only for instruction. One of the catechumens is actually doing his best to teach catechism to some 20 children there. One building would suffice here. It could serve as chapel and school, and could have an extra room for the mis-

sioner when he passes on his visits. This building would cost about \$800.

At Ping-Kang, market for this section, there was formerly a chapel which was destroyed in a local persecution that scattered the Christians. Now a number of these Christians are returning and at the head of this movement are two fairly influential bachelors. There also you will have to spend \$800 to build a combination school-chapel and a room for the priest to occupy when he passes.

There is also an opening at Tsap-Po on the island of Hai-ling. This very prosperous port has greatly developed in the past few years, and has now nearly 2,500 inhabitants. There are 15 baptized among these and a missionary sent there could work over the whole island, which has a population of nearly 50,000.

Here at Yeung-kong itself it will be necessary to enlarge and start new works. The town with its suburbs includes more than 30,000. The house is large enough for two or three priests, and there is a school for children, but to develop you will have to buy more land.

The American Presbyterians who came here some years before us have done considerable pushing. At present they have three chapels in the town, with 200 or 300 converts; but their principal establishments are about half a mile outside the eastern gate. They have residences for five or six American families, a hospital,



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CENTRE AT LOTING.
(Our first Catechist is he in American clothing, with collar and tie.)

a school for boys, and a school for girls. The American staff consists of two ministers, two doctors and two or three lay professors. Their Chinese staff, however, is much larger, with 20 catechists and about 40 preachers or Bible distributors, besides a dozen schoolmasters and as many schoolmistresses, also about 50 women employed, some in the hospital, others in the schools and chapels. In the town itself they have a catechumenate for women, where as a rule some 20 persons are being instructed, each receiving \$3 a month for food. The Presbyterians also direct a small local paper, which appears three times a week and helps them much in their propaganda work. At this moment they are even organizing a local Bank at Yeung-kong, and they themselves will be the principal stockholders. The money they spend here exceeds \$30,000 a year.

In China there is much good to be done, but you must have money. Without it you can do little because the people are very poor. However, one can rely on the generosity of the Christians in China when their means allow it. Our catechumens so far have not been the rich, for it is always among the poor that the work of evangelizing begins—"Pauperes evangelisantur." Nevertheless you may depend upon the good will of the neophytes of Yeung-kong. They have already given certain proof of their generosity by contributing in a large measure to the building of seven or eight chapels or oratories that your missionaries will find in this district. There are perhaps few districts where the catechumens themselves have given so much. It is certainly a proof of their attachment to religion, for the Chinese, like many others, value a thing according to the amount it has cost them. But I warn you that the amount Christians can contribute is relatively small, compared to what will be necessary to make this a flourishing Christian center. Nor must you forget that for the last ten years the prices in China have doubled and trebled, especially in the maritime provinces.

—A. Gauthier.

Of our new book, **FOR THE FAITH**, the Rev. Dr. Scanlan of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., writes:

My hearty congratulations on this splendid addition to the collection of inspiring books which the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is producing. I found it excellent reading and one which will do a great deal of good.

The Echoes of Our Missioners' Footsteps.

THOSE four Maryknoll missioners went away quietly, but they have not been altogether unobserved or overlooked, as the following letters testify:

I am sending \$5 to help pay the fares of the first American missioners to China.

Every day I pray for the success of the Maryknoll Mission and its priests. May God give them grace and strength!

This \$10 is to aid the young missioners who are leaving Maryknoll for China. It is a small mite, but every little counts.

I am enclosing a Liberty Bond which I long intended to send. I feel in sending this Bond to Maryknoll I am helping to dispatch not only soldiers of war, but also soldiers of peace.

We do not want to let your first missioners leave for China without sending them our little mite and the best wishes of the Community. We also assure the little band of a share in our prayers, that God may grant them a safe voyage and bless the great work they are undertaking. ("Marycliff," Mass.)

We are grateful for the privilege of having had in our midst for a few hours your four missioners China-bound. Fr. Price aroused considerable enthusiasm among the sisters when he called for volunteers for a "Notre Dame in China." I hope we shall live to see the day, if not to take an active part in the work. (Notre Dame Convent, Cinn.)

Enclosed you will find a check for \$25 for the American Foreign Mission. It is money earned by a young lady who is very anxious for the return to the Faith of several persons and who feels that her earnest request will be granted all the sooner when petitioned for by the Maryknoll pioneers.

Our daily prayers follow them and in our visit to the Blessed Sacrament the Community say three times "Stella Maris, ora pro nobis." We are certain that the happy four will land safely and do good work for the Master, and surely from heaven our beloved Cardinal Farley will obtain for them many special graces. (Sacred Heart Convent, Cinn.)

THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA.

(Blessed Peter Chanel, S.M.) "One cannot peruse these edifying pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's own litany of the Saints, so convincing, so appealing is his sanctity."—*Ave Maria.*

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For the four generous missioners to China. A little home for their Eucharistic Lord when they carry Him to the sick. The Sisters of the Visitation are deeply interested in your great and holy work. (Received with four sick-call cases.)

We are all rejoicing that the first band of missioners has departed for foreign shores, and we wish to have a little share in the good work. Of course our prayers will be always with them, for their work is very dear to our hearts, but we realize that material assistance is also needed. We are sending, therefore, our mite (\$10) and wish it were a thousand times more. We add to it a Mass offering of \$50, which was a jubilee gift and which we are glad to devote to the Maryknoll Mission cause. ("Carmel, Phila.)

The sudden appearance at Marillac of the Maryknoll missioners to China was as startling as it was welcome. While we did not pray verbally for a visit we had certainly wished it ardently enough and Our Lord was pleased to grant the desire of our hearts. The Sisters were all assembled to receive their blessing and all felt that it was one of the greatest of privileges. In return your good missioners will be remembered in many an earnest prayer. You see, our interest in and love for foreign missions come to us by right divine, as Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. We feel that your first representatives are the chosen of Our Lord. May God bless their courage, zeal, and generosity, and may He grant them long and fruitful years among the heathen! We shall await with eagerness the "Maryknoll-in-China" column in **THE FIELD AFAR**. What a happy inspiration had that good priest in Pennsylvania to suggest "Maryknoll" as the general prefix for all American foreign mission work. May our Blessed Mother bless your work! (Normandy, Mo.)

A Liberty Bond or a War Savings Stamp is always as acceptable at Maryknoll as any form of money.

Maryknoll Mission Chronicle.

Sept. 21.—At last "the day!" Another friend of Maryknoll in San Francisco was on hand and after the Mass of St. Matthew, the Apostle, and our last meal in the Land of the Free, we made for the dock, where our boat pulled at her moorings as if eager to get away. There were no further difficulties about baggage and we could not help congratulating ourselves as we watched the inspectors go through other people's trunks. Fr. McShane, Bro. Thomas, and Fr. O'Neill got permission to go on board for a few last words. Then they left us, and our pulses were a little quicker as we saw the gangplank raised and felt our craft begin to back away and then turn her nose out into the bay. There was no delay, and as we came up after lunch we were passing between the Golden Gate posts.

They were soon left behind and out on the after deck we sang softly, "Ave, Maris Stella." Over one at least there came a sense of powerlessness—or was it simple homesickness—as he began to realize what fancied strength we find in familiar surroundings, that fill up our minds and make us feel masters in their little world, though it is they that really rule, until they disappear to leave the mind free and open to better things—or worse.

We posted a bulletin to the effect that there would be Mass in the steerage, where a hundred Marines, or at least most of them, were already moaning in their bunks.

Sept. 22.—There are very few Catholics—just how many we have not yet been able to learn—on board but none at all were in evidence at Mass, owing doubtless to seasickness and to the fact that our notice had been so recently posted. The sea was a little rough and Fr. Ford felt that he could not trust himself in a standing position but the rest of us had little difficulty. In the steerage, despite their seasickness, there were nearly a dozen at Mass.

Sept. 23.—The boat is crowded with passengers but there are still empty places at the table. We four are at a small table with a Mr. J—, a freight clerk on the boat. He is a pleasant young fellow, the son of a Congregationalist missionary, and spent his early years in and about Canton. Later he helped introduce Standard Oil products into the province of Kwang-Si and knows that region and the West River quite well. He has a brother a "medical missionary" whose work seems to con-

sist in a chain of self-supporting dispensaries,—otherwise, drug stores.

Fr. Price met a Mr. B— and another gentleman from Shanghai. Mr. B— knows the Jesuits at Sicawei and though not a Catholic says that the Catholics are the only missionaries who are really doing good religious work. He contends that more can be accomplished by the spreading of literature than by preaching, on the ground that the Chinese have a great reverence for the written word and are eager to read, even getting others to read for them if they cannot. Our dining-companion, on the other hand, holds that they will pay little attention to literature given them, at least if it comes from foreigners.

Fr. Ford was with us for supper. Met a Mr. G—, a Catholic, en route with his young wife to Yokohama, where he has been in business for fifteen years. A Chinese nurse and a young Japanese lady are the only representatives of those races among the first-class passengers but all the waiters and cabin-boys are Cantonese and they are an interesting study. They are very quiet, even when gambling on the after deck. How far their traits may be national we cannot say, but they are observant, neat, and faithful.

Sept. 25-26.—One day on the ocean is much like another. After Mass in the morning we have the day, outside the time required for the Breviary and other religious duties, free for reading or study or sleeping. To what influence it is due we cannot say, but we do know that even the mighty have fallen victims.

Sept. 27.—Getting out correspondence to be mailed at Honolulu is the order of the day. Met a Dr. G—, a medical missionary from Ningpo, who saw his first service there in 1889. He knows Sister Xavier at the hospital there and pays a high tribute to the practical medical knowledge of the sisters. He is a graduate doctor sent out by the Baptist Missionary Conference and in addition to his medical



work sees to it that services are held in the hospitals he attends and himself distributes literature. If we were able to support them, what a great work on similar lines could be done by Catholic doctors. He says that there are of course certain physical dangers to be guarded against—chiefly dysentery and malaria—but that it will add much to one's peace of mind in China—as well as in other places—to remember that diseases cannot be transmitted by odors.

Here are some notes from our table talk with Mr. J— that may be of interest. The Chinese say that the white and black races are the two extremes, that the yellow skin is the happy medium, the really natural color of the human race. In the beginning man used his fingers to tear apart his food and convey it to his mouth, then a knife and fork, the fork serving the double purpose of holding the viands while cutting and of being used as a shovel, and finally—in China, of course—perfection was reached by having food, meats particularly, sent to the table already cut up, where the genteel chopsticks are used—to push it into the mouth, whence the bones are spat onto the floor! Furthermore, being nearer the barbaric state we eat too much meat, while John Chinaman eats only the proper amount! And we are reminded of the warning of the Scotch poet against criticism and also of his prayer that we might get more on the outside of ourselves and look in, which we think applies to people and nations as well as individuals.

Sept. 28.—The cry of "land! land!" does not perhaps mean so much to the seafarer in these days of steam and wireless, and yet we confess to a feeling of relief as a dim outline appeared on the horizon. To our left a little later we could just make out the heights of Molokai, but we came no nearer and we saw it fade again with regret that the time was not given us to make a pilgrimage to the ground hallowed by the long presence of a living martyr. We soon came nearer to Oahu, on which stands Honolulu, and for two hours skirted its shores, all the while near enough to enjoy the panorama of jagged lava heights in green flora and native brown that met the fleecy clouds which now and then dipped down into the valleys between. As we crept into the harbor a quarantine officer came on board to look in the eye the passengers lined up along the rail, and another official looked at our passports. Then we went to lunch and came up to find that we were close in, with the gangplank down, and in a moment, like true landsmen, we rejoiced to find ourselves again on terra firma.

From Other Fields.

FROM an ordinary paragraph in any missioner's letter:

Since the beginning of the war no new priests have come from Europe. Several of our strongest men have died here on the mission and those remaining, many advanced in years or weak in health, are doing double work.

Catholic missioners have frequent occasion to smile at the errors appearing in some mission publications. Even THE FIELD AFAR can "mix the babies," as it did some time ago when it labelled Bishop Legrand of Dacca, India, as Bishop de Castro.

Bishop Legrand says that he is too much of a beggar to be taken for his distinguished confrère, and he takes advantage of the correction to ask for a new seminary,—one of our own present preoccupations, by the way. Bishop Legrand belongs to the Congregation of The Holy Cross and has with him Fr. Hennessy, a well-known American priest.

Sr. Agnes, a seemingly young (one never can tell the age of nuns) Sister of Charity in Peking, can always find use for a spare dollar.

When the Superior of Maryknoll visited her establishment he found Sr. Agnes quite disturbed over two things. She was trying to keep a hundred or more little yellow faces out of the dirt until the visitor had remarked their neatness; but she was most of all exercised over the fact that the visitor from America should turn up in China at a period when the climate is favorable to the traveller, rather than in the heat of summer, when he could have suffered more, sympathized more, and possibly secured more for the work of this particular mission.

It was only her point of view, and the Maryknoller, who was quite satisfied to receive the onslaught, now repeats that Sr. Agnes can find good use for a spare dollar. She has much to do and little with which to do.

Mother Mary Paul, the New York nun, who is safe in the heart of Uganda, writes to the Maryknoll Superior:

We must thank you for the pleasure you have afforded all readers of THE FIELD AFAR in having your travel letters printed therein. We have followed closely your graphic accounts of that great journey and are interested in all you tell of it.

Dear Father, did you ever realize before what deep-down joy is stirred by meeting a fellow-countryman in a strange and distant land? No telling can ever convey what that experience brings. And one's fever for home-letters! Now you know.

Taking the liberty of one who may be deemed an "ancient," I am going to beg that you do not forget poor old Africa. If you have more rice than you know what to do with please send some of it here, for it is costing us over \$100 a month to supply our poor sick in the "Little Flower Hospital." Never in my day have we witnessed such distressing results from drought and famine. Never before have we received so few donations and letters. Perhaps some readers of THE FIELD AFAR may be inspired to spare a mite for this Mission. With all the demands, it must be difficult to donate for foreign work also, but we are filled with hope and are willing to wait.

Look over your old silver and gold. What is the use of keeping broken rings, single cuff-buttons, and other things that will never be repaired or mated? Put all your jewelry junk in an empty confectionery box and send it up our hill.

Fr. Ford's Travel-Notes.

JAPAN is not popular in the East because it runs its commerce on principles of atheistic ethics. It grafted its newly acquired Western life on a pagan stock of morality that had thrown aside even the restraints of Shintoism.

China is destined to the same mistake unless it first be converted to Christian morality. Neither is there time to waste, as the opened ports are welcoming the first traders of the Occident.

Opposite us at table sits a young man still in the twenties, clean-cut, with a steady eye and smile, delicate in thoughtfulness and pleasingly shy. He likes Thackeray and China, and China best of all. He spent six years in our district, going up and down the Si-kiang, and he has grown to love the Chinese as a people he can un-

derstand and trust, as thrifty and intelligent and with ideals of honesty and truth. He is a Standard Oil agent. My estimate of Standard Oil rose quickly at the news and I marveled that God can find few willing instruments for China while commerce has its choice of men.

Here lies a nation of four hundred millions attracting thoughtful men who come for commerce and remain from love. The great bugbear that deters the timid soul—the hardships of a life of exile—is lightened by the sight of business men who live this life of exile in preference to one of ease at home.

This agent—he bears a name as common as Jones—is typical of the Eastern trader. China has caught them all by her charms and holds them by ties of joy in her living. Their praises of her people are enthusiastic and testing this praise is their gladness to get back to her again.

Any swelling of the head at the thought that four American priests are representing the United States in China is easily punctured by the fact that the boat that bore the four carried also thirty Protestant missionaries.

There might be found a fervent son of Erin who would claim that an American priest is worth ten ministers, but even were this granted for the sake of argument, the non-Catholics of America have the handicap of several thousand in the field already.

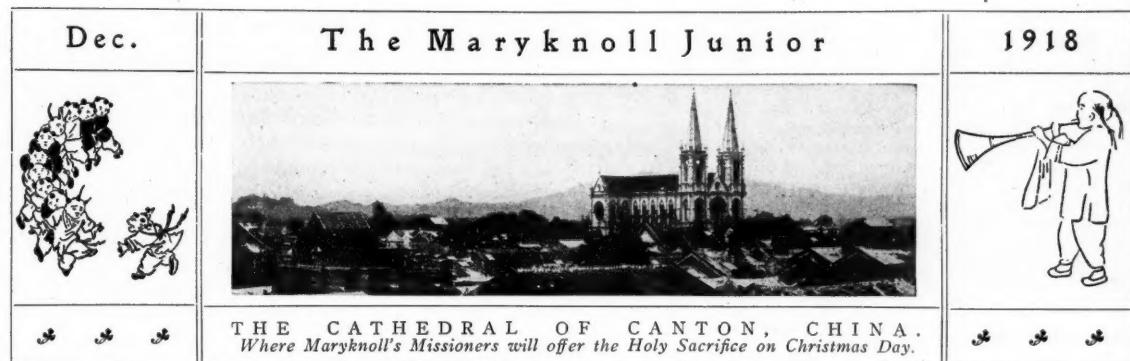
Thank God, the mortifying disproportion will yearly diminish as Maryknoll sends her newly-ordained and zeal for the foreign missions softens the crust of indifference that used to harden us to the call of the heathen.

The close of the war will divert the newly-constructed American bottoms to the Pacific. The Pacific coast and Honolulu are preparing for the influx of trade and the next few years will witness a doubling of American exports to China and Japan.

China is to take a new place in commerce. The dragon is awakening and is hungry and in her pangs will swallow eagerly what America puts forth.

The American brands of Protestantism are shipping missionaries to satisfy the intellectual and religious cravings, and side by side with commerce they are covering the sea-coast of China with schools and hospitals.

This is the only time for American Catholics to act. When China is once thoroughly aroused and its hunger appeased, the opportunity will have passed and a definite trend will be given to its moral growth.

**DEAR JUNIORS:**

The same to you! And many!

I should like to thank you each one personally for your interest in our Maryknoll Junior and its big brother, THE FIELD AFAR. Your many letters have shown that you were waiting for your own paper, and now that it has come both you and I are rejoicing.

How pleased I should be if I could go around the circuit and shake your hand on Christmas morning and tell you how glad I am. But I cannot. For how, tell me, could I, on December 25, get to Spokane, Washington, and St. Augustine, Florida; to Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson and Maryknoll-in-San Francisco; to Maryknoll-in-Scranton and Maryknoll-in-China—to all these places and many others between them?

The old sleigh and reindeer that Mr. Santa Claus used to bring my toys have never seemed to wear out and might do for such a big trip. Personally I never saw Mr. Claus, but I would borrow his outfit to get a look at you, if I were not such a poor beggar as I am. Perhaps, however, I should not be welcome unless I were loaded with gifts, and between you and me, I am always strapped. If I made the rounds and left nothing there would be chin about Fr. Chin, and what abuse I should get!

But though I cannot shake your hand I can be with you in the spirit of prayer. On Christmas Eve, just before midnight, we at Maryknoll will be awakened by the sweet songs, "Holy Night" and "Venite Adoremus."

While you are soundly sleeping I will kneel before the Crib and ask the tiny "Junior," the Divine Babe, to bless you all. And in Christ's Mass, when He is born again upon the altar as He was in the stable on that first Christmas morning, I will offer the Divine Sacrifice not only for the Juniors of America and China, but for the "juniors" in every part of the world, especially those in pagan lands,

who have as yet no Christ's-Mass although Christ came on that first "Holy Night" for all peoples.

When you attend Mass on Christ's Birthday and receive the newly-born Babe into your hearts, I wonder how many of you will pray for the heathen "juniors" and make a gift of your Christmas Communion to the Christ-Child for His missions? How many, I ask myself, will hang beside their own stockings a little stocking for the Divine Babe? How many Juniors will place near their Christmas trees a Mite Box to receive their coins of joyful sacrifice?

A right bright Merry Christmas
Filled with holy joy,
A cheery happy New Year,
To every girl and boy!

—Fr. Chin.

Funny Food for Funny Folks.

Junior: Father, are you related to Chin-Chin?
Fr. Chin: Yes indeed. I'm his better half; also his father.

One of our youthful Vénarders at the Mercy Hospital in Scranton was coming out of ether (the doctor had taken from him only one appendix). "Little Flower! Little Flower!" cried the boy. Later the non-Catholic nurse said to him: "I heard you calling for a little flower; have you made a special study of botany?"

In flu enza from Spain and he caught it. Temperature 104 and gaining—couldn't play, sleep nor eat—couldn't even work; doctor worried—nurse grieved.

Sister gave him THE FIELD AFAR—he is well and kicking (football only).

All good doctors are now prescribing F. A. as a "flu" preventative and cure.

A Story Prize.

Are you a story-writer? Did you ever try to be one? Here is your chance. Write one of less than 300 words (use only one side of the paper) on the subject: "A Junior's Christmas in a Pagan Land." Sign your name, address and age, and send the story to Fr. Chin before Jan. 5, 1919. You may get information anywhere, but the actual story-writing must be your own. Only stories on the subject assigned will be considered for prizes.

First prize: book—"A Modern Martyr," or "Chinese Lanterns."

Second prize: picture—"Théophane Vénard" or "Bernadette of Lourdes."

Fact Finders.

HAVE you ever felt the satisfaction of discovering something? It's great! We can help you enjoy this sensation. If you find a fact about any missions in the world, send it to the "Chin Father" (as the Chinese would write it). He will announce it in this column for the benefit of all. You will then be a *Fact Finder* and your name will be inscribed at Maryknoll in letters of lead.

About Facts and Finders.

1. *No one can be a fact finder who is under 7 or over 107 years of age.*
2. *Facts found must relate to missionaries, martyrs, mission countries, Maryknoll and other missionary organizations.*
3. *All facts should reach Maryknoll before the tenth of the month.*
4. *For the five best series of facts presented next month, Fr. Chin will send premiums. In deciding, Fr. Chin will consider the fact and the way it is expressed.*

How will you find these mission facts,—about Alaska, for example, about Oceania, about Asia, about Africa? Suppose you ask at your public library, and let us know what happens; or perhaps, if you are in a Catholic school, one of the sisters or brothers can give you some points. You might try your Sunday-School director; or "ask Dad, he knows." Send your fact to *Fr. Chin, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.*

Maryknoll A, B, C's.

By dropping sacrifice coins into the Mite Box, the child of America makes known the Child of Bethlehem to the child of China.

No one of us is too old to learn these new A, B, C's. Fr. Chin will gladly send as many Mite Boxes as you and your friends wish.

Every Junior should wear a Maryknoll Pin, which can be secured for twenty-five cents or for one new subscription to *The Field Afar*.

G I V E

S O M E T H I N G

G O O D

A Submarine Sequel.

(*How the U-boat was a factor in saving many souls.*)

PROVINCETOWN — bark — struck — by — submarine — near — Nantucket — shoals — signals — distress — try — to — reach — her."

These words came registering their message on the wireless apparatus in the Provincetown Life-Saving Station. They were received by Roy Connors, a boy of seventeen, the favorite of the crew. Son of one of the guards, Roy had played about the Station as a child and on his father's death some years before had been practically adopted by the men. Although only seventeen, Roy could pull an oar as well as the best. He had never been known to shrink from any duty, however difficult or dangerous.

Calling a companion to watch the wireless, Roy ran to the tower to try to sight the wreck. The ringing of the bell called the guards to the main building, where they received Roy's message. At once all was bustle. The snow-laden winds were howling and the window panes rattled, but there was no confusion among the guards. Oilskins, lanterns, and ropes were rushed into place and the men ran to their boat and pushed it to the water's edge.

A moment more, and the crew bent to their oars. The boat sprang forward—rode lightly on the breakers—was tossed back. What a struggle it was!

In the distance the red light gleamed from the mast of the distressed ship. Slowly it was burning out—yet upon it depended the lives of many on board.

At last the goal was reached. The work of rescuing was begun. Roy, first on board, stumbled over the figure of a boy of about his own size. As he stooped to the prostrate figure he noticed a rosary in the clenched hand; and then to his amazement he saw that the boy was Chinese. A Chinese boy with a rosary! And with a strange pricking of shame Roy remembered his own rosary which he had not used for years.

But the work of rescuing claimed his attention and he had no time for his own thoughts until the Station was reached and the rescued men cared for. Roy begged to be allowed to put the Chinese boy in his bed and care for him himself, and he worked over the half-frozen form until life returned. The almond eyes opened, the lips murmured strange sounds, and then the exhausted form settled comfortably in the bed and Roy's protégé was asleep.

Worn out with the night's labor, Roy would have followed his example, but there was something he wanted to do first. A little shamefacedly he drew the rosary from the now relaxed fingers of the

sleeping "Chink," as the crew had good-naturedly called him, knelt down by his chair, and began the beads. The "mysteries" he could not manage at all, but the words of the prayers came readily enough, and Roy found himself enjoying the fight with sleep until the last decade was finished. Then his weary head sank on his tired arms, and huddled on the floor by his chair, Roy slept beside his "patient."

Hours later, when Roy awoke, he found the Chinese boy's eyes fixed upon him. "You Catholic?" asked the boy with a smile, pointing to the rosary in Roy's hands.

"Yes," answered Roy.

"I'm glad!" and the joy of his face told even more than the words.

To Roy's delight, he found that "the Chink" could speak and understand English fairly well. The two at once settled down to a good talk, and Roy learned that his new-found friend's name was Francis Wing, that he had learned English at the Mission school in the big river town where he was born, that he had come to America to get an American education, and that he was earning the money for it by working as a cabin boy on the coasting vessel which had been wrecked.

"But some day, some day, I shall return," said the boy. "My country needs apostles. My father died for the Faith when the Boxers attacked the Christians, and my grandfather professed Christ before him. Some day I shall go back, and then I shall work as a lay-apostle and help the missionaries to make known the Faith to my people. Millions of them know not the true God, and many, I know, would be as good Christians as my own family were if only there were teachers to teach them of Christ."

Roy felt a strange sensation, an inner awakening. He seemed to hear a voice bidding him go into that waiting vineyard, help save those many souls.

That night and many nights after, Roy pondered on the strange thoughts that filled his mind. During the days he asked Francis countless questions. The Chinese boy had been given work to do at the Station and the two lads were inseparable in their free time. As they were walking along the shore one evening some weeks later Roy remarked, with his eyes on the setting sun, "The sun is just rising now in your country, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Francis, "after a night of many centuries, the sun at last begins to shine on my people. Roy, my friend, some day I shall go back to my native land. But oh, they need priests so there! How I wish that some from your country—that you, yourself—would follow me!"

And Roy's answer filled Francis with joy: "I will, Frank, please God. For I have already written to Maryknoll and they are willing to try me as a candidate for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society."

T H A T

W I L L



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN THE HOUSE-CHAPEL OF THE TSU FAMILY, SHANGHAI.
(Two members of the family will this year worship at Maryknoll.)



THE SISTERS' DARLINGS.
(For one of these abandoned babies \$2.00 was paid.)

D O

G O O D

The Christ-Child.

*Little Babe in manger sleeping,
Wake and see our tear-filled eyes.
Thou art author of our weeping,
Thou, the God of Paradise!*

*For we weep that thou so holy,
Creator Omnipotent,
Thus shouldst deign to be so lowly,
Naked, cold and impotent.*

*Yet we weep for pure rejoicing;
Hast thou not Redemption's power?
Grateful adoration voicing,
Angels join us in this hour.*

*Humble shepherds represent us
Worshipping the Saviour's birth;
Glorifying God who sent us
Peace to right-willed men on earth.*

—Rev. B. Reilly, O.P.

Junior Circles

COME, Juniors, take a peep into my letter tray and see in how many different ways you are "doing your bit."

Since my name is Aloysius I am very much interested in the Saint Aloysius Burse. During Mass I pray for the success of this work and I am happy to make the enclosed offering for the burse. (A. C., Heckscherville, Pa.)

I have been working on one of your land slips and have finished the deal. I am sending you the proceeds in this letter. (J. C., New Haven, Conn.)

Enclosed find two dollars which I saved up in my mite box. I have often sent you dollars before as my grandmother always has your paper and asks me to save my pennies for your work. (A. T. C., Chelsea, Mass.)

I am just a little orphan, but I will help you build the Vénard Apostolic College as much as I can. These four Thrift Stamps are not very much but every little thing helps. (M. P., North Braddock, Pa.)

This building fund card was sent to my mother. When I saw it I was determined to save the amount required. I am sending the money with the intention that I pass for second year High School. (M. V. T., Phila, Pa.)

Seal your gifts and letters with Maryknoll Sealing Stamps. Each stamp is a part of your Christmas gift to Christ, and it may make a new friend for His missions.

1 sheet (1 doz. stamps) 10c.
6 sheets (72 stamps) 50c.
13 sheets (156 stamps) \$1.00

13 is a "lucky" number. For one "green-back" you will get 13 sheets of yellow back. Mail it now.

E V E R Y B O D Y

The secretary of the Junior Boys' Circle of Parkersburg, W. Va., writes:

We meet every Sunday, begin with prayer, read *Field Afar Tales*, give out holy pictures (prayer prints) and then I ask, "Who has any money for the mite box?" The senior Juniors are pitted against the *junior* Juniors and there is great rivalry each week to see who has the most.

A Junior told Fr. Chin that his mother made a little red stocking for him. It is already hanging—receiving his Advent sacrifice nickels and pennies, and he says that before Christ's birthday, December twenty-fifth, he will have a good Christmas present for the Divine Child. He will thus help Jesus to spread His kingdom overseas, and to give Himself to pagan boys and girls of other lands. That's to be *this* Junior's gift to the Christ Child. Here is what some other Juniors have done:

I would like you to send me a mite box and I will put it on my toy table during the Christmas holidays so that I can share my gifts with the Infant Jesus. (A. F., Phila., Pa.)

Enclosed find one dollar which I wish to send to the missions. I would like to have the Holy Sacrifice offered up for the suffering souls. This is my Christmas offering for the Infant Jesus. It is all that I can send for I am only eleven years old. (J. H., Lawrence, Mass.)

Put a Mite Box at the foot of your Christmas tree. Jesus may then receive *His* Christmas gift. Ask Fr. Chin for this "mitey" necessary article to complete your Christmas joys. Merely write "Mite Box" on a postcard and mail it with your address to Fr. Chin.

Gathering the Fragments.



Until you have over five pounds, it does not pay to mail ordinary stamps to us. Do not sort different denominations nor bundle them: separate foreign stamps, then write for further information.

Sell tin-foil to your junk man, and send the proceeds to Maryknoll.

Ask your parents, aunts and uncles for their old jewelry—watches, rings, brooches, pins, etc. Box them and mail to us. This Chinese stamp-man will smile graciously when he receives your box.

L I K E S

I T

Good News!

EVERY visitor to Maryknoll will recall that the ideal portion of the Knoll was on the other side of a wooden fence that ran only fifteen feet south of the seminary but did not belong to us.

Invariably came the exclamation, from bishops, priests, and laity, "You must build there," and as often we merely answered, "Perhaps."

In the meantime, prayers were offered frequently, and some of our particularly interested Saints were expected to make special pleas, because medals struck in their honor had been scattered along the edge of the coveted property.

The years—not so many passed, and we were almost beginning to resign ourselves to forget once for all the advantages of a completed Knoll; when a sudden turn came—a fair price was agreed upon—and, on November 16, we secured

The Field At Home.

This purchase will rejoice the hearts of all whose eyes have rested on what was our neighbor's land.

We have paid on this future site of the Maryknoll Seminary just one hundred dollars to bind the bargain, and we expect to come into possession of the title on Christmas Eve, when we are supposed to pass over forty per cent of the purchase price and assume a mortgage for the remainder if we cannot escape it.

We are hoping that among our forty thousand subscribers and added thousands of readers we may find *two hundred individuals, or parishes, or church societies, or schools, or Sunday-schools, or fraternal organizations, to send us one hundred dollars each.*

Does this idea appeal to you? To the extent of a Christmas gift?

Bonds will be as acceptable as money.

The war has been hard on the missions, but not so unkind to Maryknoll. The country's needs stimulated charity and in the process the charity of the faithful has been broadened, so that our work was even better sustained during those awful days than previously.

Peace Day at the Knoll was most appropriately celebrated by the father-of-the-flock. The sirens of New York broke the stillness of our meditation hour and just before Mass began we learned the "glad tidings of great joy"—the re-birth of the nations.

Plans matured rapidly. "Classes had to be abandoned" and "the washing must wait." When the kitchen force caught the fever, however, there was nothing to do but drive everybody off the grounds.

With a small body-guard that soon disappeared the Superior stayed on the premises, and he claims that it was the most peaceful day he has had since Maryknoll came into being.

A new flag welcomed the returning joy-trampers and a *Te Deum* marked the close of what may yet prove to be, after our dear Lord's Birthday, the most momentous day in the history of the world.

"Maryknoll" spells devotion to Our Blessed Lady, but until recently there was no outward sign on our buildings or grounds that this devotion played an important part in every Maryknoller's life.

Of course we have yet to build here a permanent structure, but the pro-seminary addition plans provided for a statue of the Immaculate Conception, and before the war we were arranging to get one in wood from Brixen, in the Austrian Tyrol, where our Superior, laid up for repairs at the time, discovered some years ago a wood-carver who could turn out something good at a price not too high to frighten the Maryknoll treasurer. Then came the war and,

Stories from

The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.
160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations.
Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

just as with you, dear reader, we kept putting it off. Recently, however, in a moment of remorse we ordered a cement statue—a really good one, but necessarily high in price because it must be exposed to the elements. For the statue, which we hope will remain always on our grounds, we will gladly welcome a benefactor, to whom, on request, we will communicate the cost.

Do you remember a sheet of paper that fell some weeks ago under your eyes, revealing a drawing of the new power house and laundry for our Vénard College? You read it and you noted that it called for any spare Bond, or War Savings Stamps, or even Thrift Stamps, which you might have nearby or would later purchase and like to turn into the gold of charity.

Perhaps after reading the request on that sheet of paper you took action on it. In this event you were one of several hundreds who incidentally gave moments of genuine pleasure to a broken-down missioner whose daily task lies in opening and recording the Maryknoll mail. "Ah," the gray-beard would say so often, "the United States Government and Maryknoll are playing into each other's hands."

And it certainly looked so, at least while the gentle rain fell upon our parched bank-account and brought forth enough goldenrod to drive our contractor away with an attack of hay-fever.

We did not of course expect to cover the cost of construction (\$40,000) within a few days or

weeks after making that drive, but we cut a notch at the \$6,000 mark after a fortnight, and the goldenrod is still growing. A priest wrote:

The idea is good. I bought this little yellow jacket, a hundred dollar bond, out of pure patriotism and now it is in my way. Between the bother of keeping an eye on it and the opportunity to give the Maryknoll builders a push in the right direction, I know that I shall be far more content to feel that you have patted my yellow back and will see to negotiating it later for the Great Cause.

Another, attempting to conceal his real motive, wrote, enclosing a yellow fifty:

Thanks for the opportunity. I would surely forget that scrap of paper and it probably would not come to light until after my exit from this vale. Take it and welcome. If I give up for another, you may expect another. Keep the ball rolling for your College at Clark's Green. We can build it if you remind us.

The usual response, however, was not in Bonds but in War Savings Stamps, individual or on cards, and as we watched the stamps come in we were inclined to congratulate the benefactors on making sure that these patches of green, so easy to lose, were being put to a use that would return a spiritual interest payable for eternity, perhaps even in time.

Many liberty loan souvenirs came as thanksgiving offerings from the relatives of soldiers and sailors, some as alms for young heroes who had died, and not a few were further expressions of gratitude for escapes from the dreadful influenza—the scourge that passed so ruthlessly over the land. We are thankful for all these evidences of good will.

And this leads us to the public expression of our own deep gratitude to God that out of a hundred persons at Maryknoll and out of two score at our Apostolic College, not a single case of influenza developed. One of our priests was stricken while on his propaganda in New Jersey, but the good Franciscan Sisters at

St. Michael's Hospital in Newark nursed him safely back to health and to Maryknoll.

We wish that all our friends and benefactors could have been so fortunate, but we know from their letters that many still grieve the loss of dear ones.

God was especially good to Maryknoll. May we not believe that it is because He has some special work for all here yet to accomplish? —

During the influenza epidemic one of the Teresians, a graduate nurse, was requisitioned by the Ossining Hospital, and—which should go without saying—rendered efficient service.

It will interest our readers to know that the epidemic brought a blessing to the missions. With so many priests ill and hundreds of the faithful taken from this earth, requests for Masses were so multiplied that priests unable to offer them asked us, as they did the Mission Aid Societies, to scatter their surplus intentions so that the Masses could be said with the least possible delay. In one month alone we had the satisfaction of forwarding to about twenty-five missionary bishops or religious superiors no fewer than *five thousand* intentions. These reached their destination in most cases within three or four weeks and were at once distributed. Had it not been war-times, most of them could have been cabled with comparatively small cost and begun within a few days.

Some one asks if at Maryknoll anybody is occasionally unhappy. We answer by asking, "*Does it ever rain?*"

Comparatively speaking, the dwellers at Maryknoll are better off than multitudes of good people, but it takes another term of comparison to realize this and that term gets away from us occasionally.

Then, too, you know, dear questioner, that the devil, who, fortunately, is not omnipresent,

pays occasional visits even to communities dedicated to God. He seems to start up everybody at the same time, makes molehills look like mountains, and manages to obscure the light so that things seem dark to all.

But these are passing experiences that are generally followed by reactions.

Evidently our inquirer has noted the absence of minor chords in THE FIELD AFAR. This is to a considerable extent true, not because we have no troubles, but because we know that everybody has some and it is not our purpose to unload ours on them.

Edward McIntyre, of Philadelphia, was killed in action. His hope had been to present himself as an aspirant at Maryknoll shortly after his return from France. He will be another intercessor in Heaven for this young Society.

This young soldier in his last letter to Maryknoll wrote:

We are now away into the interior of France and seem to be still going. We don't stay long in one place. Always pushing ahead—it won't be long before we are in the trenches. That's when I will need and appreciate all the prayers I can receive. I can approach the Sacraments frequently while in this place, but while on the march I cannot. I always make at least one visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day if there is a church nearby.

If I ever come back to the U. S. A. I will surely come to Maryknoll to see the Brothers and then again later to stay. I can realize now how it is the Brothers are anxious to return to Maryknoll at the close of their vacations. I also am anxious to return to Maryknoll and take up my duties as a Brother of St. Michael. Somehow I cannot stop thinking of Maryknoll. It is no exaggeration to say that I think more of Maryknoll and the Brothers than of anything else. When we were near any town I visited the church every day and said the Rosary and evening prayers and prayed for a safe return and to get back to the Seminary. Now that we are well out in the country where I cannot get to any church I walk up and down the road saying my Rosary and thinking of the Brothers walking around the grounds in twos and threes saying theirs. Pray for me.

Splinters from the Vénard Log.

GRATITUDE is the rarest of virtues. It is usually a passing impulse only. The month of November, however, that period of thanksgiving, brought an almost daily



A WINTER SCENE AT MARYKNOLL.

reminder of blessings that call for our grateful acknowledgment. Among other things, we are especially thankful that not a breath of the terrible epidemic recently raging touched the Vénard. Special prayers were offered daily for the protection of Divine Providence and it was apparently His Will that we should be spared. This foreign mission work is very important, you see, and The Master would not have one minute's interruption of our preparation to make Him known among the Gentiles.

Another source of thanksgiving is the abundant crop of fruits and vegetables that His sun and rain and fair weather coaxed into fruitful bloom, enabling us to face the winter with every chance of a successful defense should the Vénard be besieged by Boreas and smothered under snow. The boys performed quite a nautical feat in gathering the potatoes, which

succulent life-savers were swamped by floods of rain and had to be rescued in pouring downpours by divers "animals" who resembled nothing so much as Jules Verne's heroes in undersea exploits. By the combined efforts of all, plus a little kindly advice from passers-by, several hundred bushels of potatoes are now resting breathlessly in our newly-finished underground reinforced-concrete fruit-and-vegetable cellar. This subterranean palace has a capacity of about three thousand bushels, and, judging by present contents, it should scare away, and far away, the wolf that hangs around kitchen doors.

The greatest cause for thanksgiving is, of course, the return to earth of the reign of peace and the almost forgotten happiness of being able to sing without half-feeling it to be sarcastic the beautiful anthem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." The war's horrors and responsibilities have surely made thousands of young men "think in their hearts" as never before, giving them at an earlier age a more serious and less selfish outlook on life; while America's share in the great conflict has developed a spirit like the chivalry of old. Such influences will doubtless give to some of our Catholic youth militant a truer appreciation of the nobility of the missioner's life and a genuine desire to perpetuate their present devotion to ideals by a career in the Church Militant in pagan lands. Accordingly, we are looking and praying for a striking increase in vocations to the Vénard and to Maryknoll.

Unexpected progress has been made on the new building through the removal of obstacles, such as delays in freightage and so forth. The walls were finished the day the armistice was declared, and since then the building has rapidly been approaching the stage that warrants the speedy repatriation of our exiled sons and brothers now at Maryknoll.

The new building is an attractive combination of pressed brick, terra cotta and tile, fire-proof throughout, with ample accommodations for sixty students, including large dormitory and study-hall, class-rooms, lavatories, and so forth. The view from any of the windows is superb, commanding on every side a beautiful vista of mountains and valleys. If there are here any hidden geniuses of pen or brush, the inspiring picture of The Master's painting should surely arouse their latent talent.

Maryknoll is, of course, a tolerable place for a reasonable length of time, but in the long run, as the Vénard residing there well know, be it ever so homely there's no place like the Vénard. Anticipating the return of the exiles, herculean efforts (not to be bashful, our normal Vénard brand) are being made for their support in the Maryknoll style to which they have been accustomed for the past five months. With the home-coming of the fifteen "strangers" the Vénard contingency will acquire a strength of fifty (excepting appetite, which will figure around seventy-five).

Cleaning-up, repairing, and painting



A VÉNARD CHRISTMAS MASS SOUVENIR.

have been engrossing our spare time and attention. Amateur mechanics count the day well-spent if they have not spoiled each other's work. But they do pretty well, and we are gradually evoking order out of chaos, so that the New Year will find us newly-garbed, at least within doors, with bright newly-painted woodwork that the morning clean-up squad can keep looking like that of Spotless Town. Nor is it through vanity that we have been working, but rather through a sense of responsibility. Our boys of to-day are our missionaries of ten years hence, and they must rely on their present training to make them apt apostles of that cleanliness which is next to Godliness, in surroundings that know not either. As their efficiency as missionaries in spreading God's Word will be seriously handicapped by preventable disease—due to dirt—later on, no time must be lost in educating them in such matters now.

Eight hundred and seventy-three dollars and forty-six cents is a harrowing item to consider when it is a question of a root-cellar, but it will help to save thousands of potatoes, as well as other delicacies. However, to spare the feelings of a bruised back, which, we understand, describes the present condition of our Father Treasurer, we gathered forty-six cents and made it even money in the hope that many "somebodies" who made a few extra dollars during the war would reduce the "even money."

The first response to our call for Bonds and War Savings Stamps for the Vénard Laundry-Power-house came from a venerable priest and was followed by offerings from many others, from whose letters we quote:

Your appeal for the Vénard School has just reached me. I have paid for a Liberty Bond of \$50, which will not be in my hands until Oct. 19, when it will go forward to you at once. As for the effect of this offering on my personal living, *Deus providebit* (*God will provide*). A better use for my little fortune (!) could not be found. May God prosper your young missionaries now on the high seas!

I wish your great and important work were a beneficiary in the War Work Drive now at hand. Perhaps something like it may yet be organized for the spiritual rehabilitation of the world. (*W. Roxbury, Mass.*)

I am enclosing a War Stamp as my little bit towards winning the war against paganism on the mission battle-



Good-bye, 1918. You began fighting, but you end with the world at peace. We at Maryknoll will cherish your memory, you mark the outgoing of our first missionaries.

fields of China. It is but a "wee bit of cheer" for those in training at the "petit seminaire" at Scranton but it carries earnest wishes for the success of your plan. (*Asbury Park, N. J.*)

As the effects of the burst might be more costly than the building I hasten to ease the pressure by means of the enclosed Liberty Bond (\$100). Any time that you apprehend being arrested for debt during the building operations send a call and I will come to your assistance. (Mass.)

We are very poor down this way—have few more comforts than your missionaries will have in China—and are expected to contribute to all war activities, but we can always make one sacrifice more for God's work which your Society is doing. I was at your place last year and saw your men—how I wish I were younger so that I might be acceptable! (Tex.)

I am glad to send you my Liberty Bond for \$50. I hope this undertaking of yours to spread the Peace of Christ over the nations of the earth will meet with the hearty co-operation of all who sincerely wish to see realized that longing desire of the Sacred Heart of the Prince of Peace: "Thy Kingdom Come." (*Biddeford, Me.*)

(With \$50 Bond and 10 W. S. S.)

I have been following with great interest the events which led up to the momentous sailing of your first missionaries to the Orient. It is an embarkation full of glorious promise to the Church in our country; it comes at an auspicious time, when the youth of the land are responding nobly to the call for sacrifice. May not the new spirit which has been awakened in the country react favorably on vocations to a life of conquest for Christ? (Mass.)

Here is the kind of blessing that comes occasionally to Maryknoll, usually after a difficult period:

Bishop's House,
367 Clermont Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

VERY REV. DEAR FR. WALSH:

At a meeting of the Diocese of Brooklyn, held a few days ago, the resolution was adopted to turn over to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll these two Fourth Liberty Bonds for its work.

With hearty good wishes,
Yours very truly in Christ,
CHAS. E. McDONNELL,
Bishop of Brooklyn.

Better than the passing gift is such service as it indicated by the following letter, which came in answer to our request for Bonds or War Savings or Thrift Stamps for the new Vénard:

I received your letter to-day asking me for a donation of War Savings Stamps for the new building.

I can not send you a donation now but will later on. I am overrun with appeals now so that I can hardly keep up with them. One would have to be like a clock, wind it up and then set the regulator too fast, in order to keep up with them all. And then I do not think you could keep up with them. They come thick and fast as if they sprung out of the earth.

I have copied your letter several times and I am sending it to several people. I do not know if it will bear fruit, although I hope it will.

Excuse me for taking the liberty of doing this without asking your permission first, but I could not help it. I have told them to send the Liberty Bonds or Stamps to you. I hope that the returns will exceed your expectation, that you will receive Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps until they reach mountain high.

With best wishes—

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE
MEMBERSHIP
in the Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America may be se-
cured gradually in as many pay-
ments as desired, provided the
sum of fifty dollars is reached
within two years from the date
of the first payment.

These Memberships may be in
the name of the living or the
dead.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN-FRANCISCO.

A priest friend, writing after a visit to San Francisco, was edified by the simplicity, not to call it poverty, of our rented house on Van Ness Ave. He remarked, also, that some one had given him the impression that Maryknoll-in-San Francisco was being supported by one individual, but he learned that, as usual, we depend, and we believe providentially, too, upon the little from the many for the welfare of this as of our other establishments.

If our Procure in San Francisco can become self-sustaining, so much the better for our work in general. As, however, it meets not only a local but a common need, we cannot expect it to be fully maintained by our California friends, however pleased they may be to have it among them.

THE MARYKNOLL
MISSION CIRCLES.

Our active Circle in Tarrytown writes:

Held our first meeting last night and must say it was very enthusiastic. We are working on altar linens now. Let us know what we can do next.

The St. Francis Xavier Circle No. 2, Rochester, N. Y., has this scheme for growth:

We held our first meeting and have a few members. We expect more next month as each active member is expected to bring three new members.

"And a little child shall lead them"—even to the formation of a Maryknoll Circle. From Pawtucket, R. I., comes the story:

The members have all agreed to name our circle *The Blessed Margaret Mary Circle*, after my little baby girl. It was through her the Circle started. She is just five months old now.

Post-Cards { 10 cts. a set (16 subjects).
50 cts. a hundred.

Prayer { 5 cts. a set (16 subjects).
Prints { 25 cts. a hundred.

Your Christmas gift to the Christ Child—does it stand for sacrifice? Is it in proportion to the gifts to your friends?

Then the echo of the angelic chorus, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will" will fill your heart. May the Infant King bless you!

The secretary and one other member of St. Joseph's Maryknoll Maria Circle, Pawtucket, R. I., paid a visit to Maryknoll recently. This Circle has been one of our staunchest, spreading the mission spirit by its own activities and by the welcome hand of fellowship it extends to all Circles within its reach.

Our first Maryknoll Circle in New Jersey—welcome!

It looks very promising, too, for it has begun with a definite purpose and with a particular line of activity in view. At the weekly meetings, sewing for Maryknoll will be done. Between meetings the members will distribute mite boxes, each member being responsible for a certain number each week. We trust that this group, under the patronage of *Bernadette of Lourdes*, may grow in the work that has been so well begun.

The Maria Mission Circles of Pittsburgh Diocese celebrated their fifth anniversary in September by a meeting in Synod Hall. The roll of the Circles was called, each secretary responding with report and suggestions. The launching of the Christmas work was an important feature. The "worldwide" character of the meeting was accented by communications from missionaries in various countries. Rev. Paul Campbell of Pittsburgh gave an inspiring address and closed the meeting with his blessing.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

Bernadette of Lourdes

The only complete account of her life ever published.

Translated by J. H. Gregory.

Price—One Dollar, Postpaid

Special rates for quantities to the Reverend Clergy and all Religious.

St. Teresa's Convent, Maryknoll.

Field Afar Tales

(A SECOND VOLUME OF STORIES)

Interesting and edifying; well-printed and attractively bound.

170 pages, 16 illustrations.

Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

WITH CHRIST IN CHINA

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, Ph.D., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco.

At Maryknoll there are on hand about a hundred copies of this book, which has sold until now for one dollar. It will be sent while the lot lasts to any address for fifty cents postpaid.

Two Popular Books:

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN ALASKA

(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Generously illustrated and attractively bound.

A MODERN MARTYR
BLESSÉD THÉOPHANE VENARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS

241 Pages. 15 Illustrations
Bound in Red Cloth

Each, - - - 75 cents postpaid

The Lily of Mary.

A Short Life of Bernadette of Lourdes.

"As attractive physically as it is spiritually elevating."

This book sells for thirty cents—and to anyone who will sign a resolution to help spread the "Message of the Immaculate Conception," the price will be only twenty cents. (Postage, 5 cents.)

Address: St. Teresa's Convent, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

Maryknoll Educational Cards

Views of Maryknoll and the Missions with accurate information on mission activity here and in fields afar.

26 Subjects in a Set - 50 cents

Found in the Basket.



Greetings to the Maryknoll Missioners from Mr. MacMonk and Mrs. Frog.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books; clothing; burse; rabats; old gold, jewelry, etc., from Conn., R. I., N. Y.; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from R. I., Canada, N. Y., Mass., Wis., O., Md., Ct., Ia., N. J.

The Rev. Peter Quinn of Roxbury, Mass., who died during the epidemic, has been made a Perpetual Member through the thoughtful charity of one of his parochial societies.

By the will of the late Rev. P. H. McCarron, of the Peoria diocese, Maryknoll has benefited to the extent of \$970.

The name of Fr. McCarron, one of the many Easterners who have spent their priestly lives and left their hearts in western States, has been listed on the roll of our special benefactors. May Jesus have mercy on his soul!

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Dec. 1, 1918, 2,789,542 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,660,458 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Dec. 1, 1918, 1,181,796 "
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,818,204 "

A Liberty Bond (\$50) is acceptable as payment for a Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living—M. S.; Mrs. A. L.; M. G. K.; M. M.; C. S.; A. C. N.; C. H.; R. D.; H. F.; M. T. C.; P. F.; M. L.; C. O'R.; Rev. Friend; B. G. M.; E. E. M.; Mrs. M. F.; J. J. B.; M. F.; M. K.; R. F. P.

Deceased—Holy Souls (2); John F. Walsh; Margaret Sheridan; William McGuire; George R. Howell; Michael Donovan; Henry Borgerding; Caroline Bordgerding; John Doherty; Mrs. Anna Mitchell; Thomas Roan; Mary McKee; Patrick and Bridget Morris; Honoria Gannon; John Ward; Frances Reilly; Joyce family; John McGuigan; Bridget O'Malley; O'Malley relatives; Catherine McCabe; Fitzgerald relatives; Bro. Thomas Cyprian; Mrs. Mannix; Eugene Kenney.

PLEASE remember in your prayers the souls of:

Rev. P. J. Buckley John B. Corcoran
Rev. A. J. O'Brien N. McGuire
Rev. P. H. Kelleher F. X. McDonald
Rev. F. Jones Joseph Mee
Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan Daniel J. Codey
Rev. L. P. Bossard E. McLean
Rev. J. Carman, C. Mary T. McLean
M. Jos. McCurry
Rev. P. Farrell Marg. McCurry
Sr. Agatha, O. S. B. Frank Ryan
Sr. M. Isabelle Mrs. H. McCarthy
Sr. Cecilia John E. Gahan
Cornelius Sexton Henry Miller
W. H. Mannion Margaret Kelly
Mr. Leary Thomas Grennan
Mr. Anderson T. S. Pallister
Mrs. M. A. Foley Teresa Trantwein
George E. Scanlon James H. Quinn
Anna Carr T. C. Casey
Angeline Whalen Mrs. A. Meacle
Thomas Fallon James Clark
Mrs. M. Fallon Mary Clarke
John Fallon Anna B. Lucey
Sr. M. Alfred Margaret Kohle
Andrew Wickham H. S. McLennon
Mrs. N. Flynn H. D. Wiedl
R. Flynn John Dorsey
Justine M. Killen Nellie Dorsey
Mrs. M. Mulholland Mrs. Gearon
Robert J. Collier

A light is thrown on the future of foreign mission activities in America by the following request from a priest connected with a large college in the Middle West:

I wish two Masses said in honor of Blessed Théophane Vénard, that vocations to the foreign missionary society of Maryknoll may soon be forthcoming among the students of Dubuque College in this diocese.

The *Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion*, in spite of the pressure of many needs, has made up its mind to give full measure and overflowing to its Maryknoll Burse, which it will make \$6,000, allowing the extra \$1,000 for the personal expenses of some needy student.

Maryknoll Seals for your letters sell for ten cents a dozen.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

STATE	NEW GIFT	SUBSCRIBERS
Arkansas	\$ 9.42	2
Arizona		1
California	106.84	58
Colorado	10.21	1
Connecticut	365.39	21
Delaware		3
Dist. of Columbia*	327.84	1
Florida	4.21	1
Illinois	1,190.28	3
Indiana	90.42	1
Iowa	21.42	9
Kansas	10.00	1
Kentucky	7.00	1
Louisiana	12.00	1
Maine	63.50	2
Maryland	96.32	2
Massachusetts	16,914.02	145
Michigan	70.59	
Minnesota	146.92	1
Missouri	212.91	1
Montana	4.21	
Nebraska	8.21	2
New Jersey	365.79	17
New Mexico	2.00	
New York	7,299.41	123
North Dakota	6.29	
New Hampshire	134.47	
Ohio	44.05	8
Pennsylvania	2,517.90	20
Rhode Island	181.56	25
South Dakota	5.00	
Texas	11.00	1
Vermont	105.50	
Virginia	61.21	
Washington	2.25	1
West Virginia	101.83	2
Wisconsin	68.10	

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Alaska		1
Canada	81.92	9
Canal Zone	1.00	
China		1
England	1.20	
France		4
Ireland		1
Nova Scotia	2.00	
Scotland		1

Total of New Subscribers 472
* \$300.00 annuity
† 3,528.28 annuity
‡ 2,000.00 annuity

Who will have Masses and prayers offered, and who will make sacrifices for your soul's welfare when that soul shall have left this earth?

